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Born

Aashmika

It's a little too late to be born,
And there would be much joy, I think,
For me, if it were to have been
Earlier so: When these erections
Were less, and those greens were more;
My body and mind would not have been so sore.

It's a little too late to be born,
Because these smiles (though many)
Are fleeting and silly, perched upon
Misty faces that strive to be solidly seen -
Made up, essence'd down..
They are beautiful but scary.

It's a little too late to be born,
And I can't help but to think how
It would be: To see cottages and
Chimneys, and meads and pastures,
To play the pipe or the lyre, And
Walk laughing down the valleys wild.

A little too late, it is, to be born!
They yell my name from the mountain-tops,
(though my name is not my name when they yell it)
And from across the seas, those men in
Yellow pants they sing merry with jugs of drink
In their hands!

Too late, too late, it is to be born!
When I could be adorned
In elaborate gowns!
And my hair could be done up and almost
Touch the ceiling - which would be dressed with
Chandeliers and various mysterious designs!

Too late!
You know, those designs would mysterious be
Not to me;
And the tunnel or the ladder would be
Easier to reach,
Without much people and thoughts
Crowding and blocking!

Too late it is to be born!
There were Gods on earth,
With visages so pure and beautiful,

That maybe you would think they were
Not real. And there were wars and
things, and there was Death everywhere.

Is it too late to be born?
With Death everywhere, I would be deathly
All the time; How must it be to feel
So deathly all the time?
And if Gods were dying,
What would I believe in?

It's maybe not too late to be born;
Those people on the mountain-tops are
There for a reason. Unaccepted and banished,
And the rest of the world laughed at them from below.
Sense and understanding had made way
In only a few, and that seems frightening!

It's not too late to be born, maybe,
Because I don't really want to be used, and
Whipped, and kicked, assaulted, and prevented
From learning, knowing, seeing..
I don't want to be burned for being
A witch, a bitch, and a nigger.

It's not too late to be born,
Since progression is a thing to be noted;
And though those scenes they call me deeply
From the past, I'd rather be well here than be
Killed there. Maybe the world is a facade now,
But at least I know it is one.

It's not too late to be born,
I am here, now, with one tentacle in
The past and one robot arm in the future,
With my brain and heart fragmented and broken,
But with the knowledge that it is, and
What is knowledge if not power?

Speculating whether it's too late to be born,
I could not have done back then I am sure;
And when I'd be called down for supper, or
Called out for war, or called in for sex,
I'd only be thinking how it would be to not be
There, then, and get past that present and shoot into the future.

Thank God it's not late to be born,
I'd be dying of tuberculosis or small pox or
Something of that sort,
And living a life of unrequited love,

(though that tale is timeless)

And always fighting a neverending war.

It's a little early to be born, now that

I think of it, since there may be better things

In store; Worse of course in some cases,

But better too. A pondering thought .. Maybe it's

all the same when to be born at all,

Since the essence of life is infinite.

Maybe it's better to not be born at all,

And escape all that's bad in the world,

(Let's not dwell on the bit where I will

escape the good too)

And watch from atop or below and

Amuse myself with your lowly ephemeral lives.